

Sketch

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Los Angeles

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Abstract

Within the knuckly, brown-earthed valley Runs the concrete, sun-wavering oil-streaked concrete, Angling from low mountains to the sea...

"Haw. I'll say he don't."

"He don't know and he's crying?"

"Yes."

"I'll be damned."

"Peso seventy shot."

"Thank you for the drink."

"Haw. Down a rathole."

"I bring more beer?"

"Yeah, he's buying."

"OK, I be back."

"Get yourself something too. He's rich today."

— *Wallace Vegors, Ag. Jr.*



LOS ANGELES

Within the knuckly, brown-earthed valley
 Runs the concrete, sun-wavering oil-streaked concrete,
 Angling from low mountains to the sea.
 And under the pale-brown, acrid
 Shroud the scurrying populace
 Shuttles within its habited circuits
 Unshaken by wondering tourists.
 And at each dropping of the sun
 Come the brightly-garbed employed,
 Out of the airplane factories,
 Glass-fronted stucco loan agencies,
 The cool depths of Macy's,
 And off the piers.
 They come,
 Moil past
 The eucalyptus-shaded yellow mission,
 Buick upon Dodge upon the highways,
 Then dropping singly off
 Onto silent shaded streets
 Late-laid in the brown-earthed valley.

— *Wayne Billings, Ex. '58*